"A Psalm Of Life" What The Heart Of The Young Man Said To The Psalmist by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Tell me not, in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream! — For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its dead! Act,--act in the living Present! Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.



From www.MaineMemory.net, item 10591, courtesy of Maine Historical Society



From www.MaineMemory.net, item 9904, courtesy of Pejepscot Historical Society

Enrichment Links:

www.mainememory.net

Wonderful resources to explore daily Civil War life, including letters and other icons of the era (like this poem)

Central guiding questions:

1.	What part(s) of this poem reflect Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's attempt to define American identity?
2.	What is Longfellow's message in his poem and is this message still relevant today?
3.	Looking at his message, what qualities and values as a person do you think HWI lived by?
4.	Describe Longfellow's voice in this poem and how does it reflect his message?
5.	Which images in the poem strengthen/illuminate Longfellow's message?
6.	What traditional poetic conventions (i.e. rhyme, simile, meter, etc.) can you identify in this poem? Do they enhance your appreciation for the poem?